

*Library*



NOEL, NOEL!

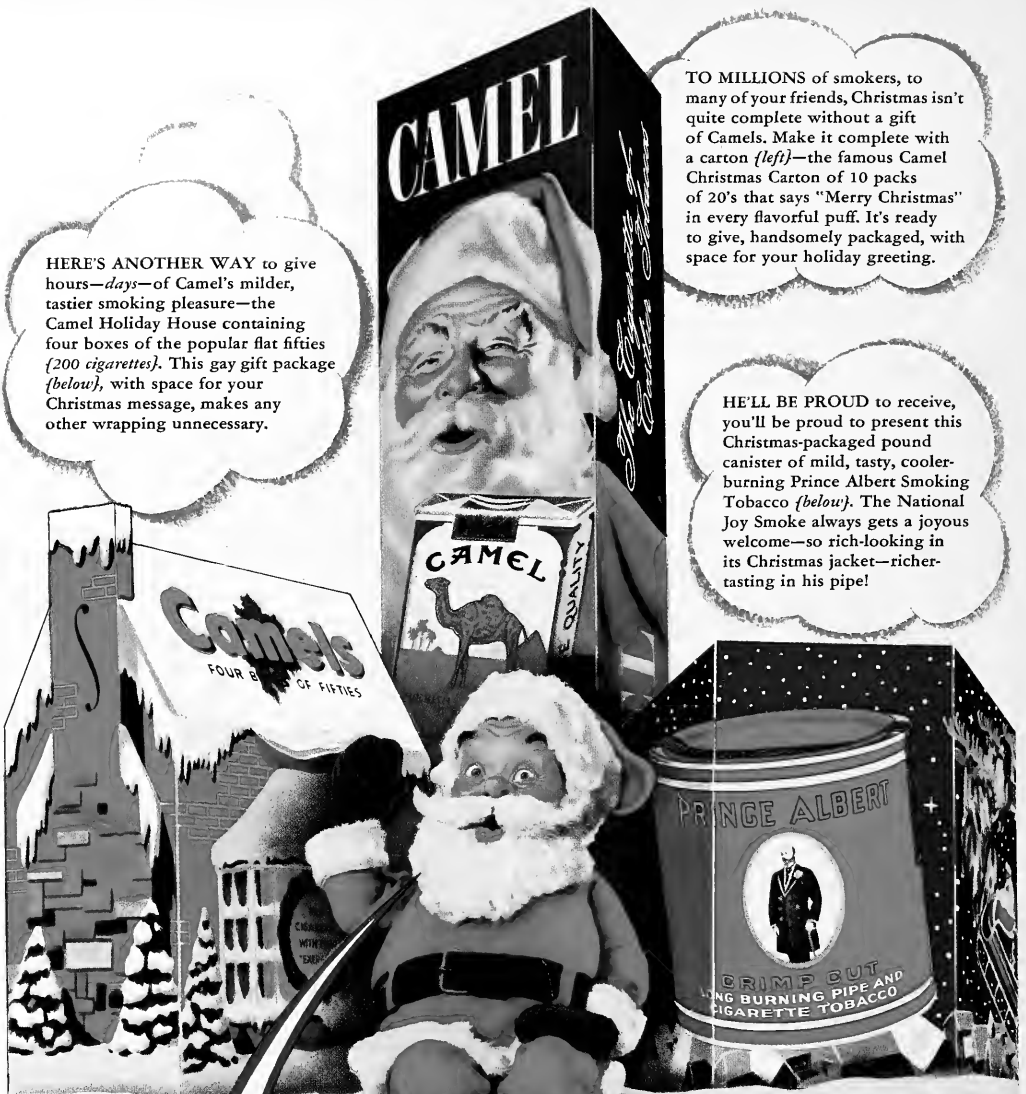
*Coraddi*

WOMAN'S COLLEGE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

HERE'S ANOTHER WAY to give hours—days—of Camel's milder, tastier smoking pleasure—the Camel Holiday House containing four boxes of the popular flat fifties (200 cigarettes). This gay gift package (below), with space for your Christmas message, makes any other wrapping unnecessary.

TO MILLIONS of smokers, to many of your friends, Christmas isn't quite complete without a gift of Camels. Make it complete with a carton (left)—the famous Camel Christmas Carton of 10 packs of 20's that says "Merry Christmas" in every flavorful puff. It's ready to give, handsomely packaged, with space for your holiday greeting.

HE'LL BE PROUD to receive, you'll be proud to present this Christmas-packaged pound canister of mild, tasty, cooler-burning Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco (below). The National Joy Smoke always gets a joyous welcome—so rich-looking in its Christmas jacket—richer-tasting in his pipe!



Yours for a  
good Christmas—  
and the very best  
in smoking pleasure

**CAMELS.** It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service...over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember all your friends this Christmas with Camels.

**PRINCE ALBERT.** Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.

*Christmas is here, and the jingle frost of Christmas is in the air. Singing Noel, Noel for Woman's College on the cover are, from left to right: Carolyn Coker, Jayne Bready, and Cappy Carter. (Photo by Carol Martin.)*



# C O R A D D I

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Anna Medford



## B R E A K I N G   G R O U N D

Contributors to this issue of CORADDI are both old and new. The old writers are breaking ground in a new vein, and the new writers are showing their "intellectual faces" for the first time. Some of the writing is serious, and some of it is light; but all of it is student writing.

\* \* \* \*

The author of "Downbeat" and "Christmas This Year" is Bonnie McCloy, sophomore English major. She worked hard over her two poems—at least she worked hard trying to find titles that weren't historical dates. She is from Detroit, Michigan; and her plans for Christmas are short and definite—just "goin' home," she says. After schools days, Bonnie says she wants to "buy a cabin in the Canadian Rockies and fish all day and write a book on W. C." (We were not able to deduce from the prospective author the tone of this book.)

New poet contributor to the CORADDI, Lib Fant, states that she is confused at this point in her life. Her family has moved four blocks down the street in Charlotte, and she is unable to find her way around in the house. (We wonder if she means that she can't figure out which chimney Santa will come down.) Lib is a sophomore and likes sports, especially tennis. She says that she writes "daffy" poetry for recreation. Her nickname, unofficially, is Dahlia.

Sara Sheppard Lashman is a senior English major and a transfer from Chapel Hill. As a critic, she believes in thinking things through for herself. As a student of literary criticism (English 364) she often rushes into class a few minutes late—especially on Monday. Dr. Rogers says, "Your clock again, Mrs. Lashman"; and the class continues. At Chapel Hill, Sara worked as reporter for the *Daily Tar Heel*, secretary for the *Carolina Magazine*, and co-ed editor of the first *Tar and Feathers*.

Janet Cox, sophomore English major and author of "Knight Without Armor," confesses—quite privately—that she has written "an unpublished novel with three chapters in the middle where she didn't know what to do." In this issue of CORADDI, she breaks ground with her short story and with her poetry. Janet likes dough-

nuts with mustard on them and knows a good place in Greensboro where they may be bought.

Hal March, an associate editor of *The Carolinian*, is author of "To the White Race of America." She has presented a problem that must be recognized by everyone concerned with the rights of man or the rise of the South. Hal's family has recently moved from Pulaski, Virginia, to Kansas, and this throws Hal in for a little traveling across country for the holidays. In view of the difficulties of changing trains in Cincinnati, as experienced by her sister recently, Hal wonders if she'll even get to Kansas.

Breaking ground for the author of "Morningsong," we present Miss Anonymous, prominent dentist on the campus. She reports having received her inspiration after the following extraction: "I had just extracted thirty-two teeth from the head of an elderly gentleman."

De Lon Kearney presents the poem, "Time," as her first contribution to CORADDI. De Lon is a junior English major and an interested critic of the magazine. She gave this comment with her contribution: "But this is exactly what I object to in CORADDI. It has no student appeal; it doesn't pertain to any specific thing—just everything in general. And it definitely isn't at all down to earth as I would like to see CORADDI more in that direction, more Jayne Bready stuff."

Dorothy—or Dotty—Arnett and Nancy Murphy, who co-star in this issue with their depictions of the "plain people," are both sophomores. Outside of their contributing companion pieces for the CORADDI, they carry on an extensive correspondence by means of "locals." They proclaim that it is one sure way of "getting mail." Of course, you could not say Murphy without saying marionettes. For two years, Nancy and her colleagues have been marionetting for the campus. Dotty is an English major, and Nancy is a psychology major. Dotty explains that she went to kindergarten in Greensboro, attended high school in Greensboro, is going to college in Greensboro, has lived here all her life, and incidentally thinks Greensboro is the nicest town in the state.

# D U S T

By Jayne Bready

Millie stepped out on the back porch and watched Grammy hanging clothes from a large basket on the grass. Her body was too round for comfortable stooping, so she turned her knees out as she bent to pick up a sheet. Just standing there in the doorway for a minute, Millie let the morning freshness awaken her. Lord, it was good to get away from town. Sometimes she felt just as though she couldn't possibly take another letter, or drink another rum cola, or even answer the telephone. It was times like that when she usually came out to spend the week-end with Grammy. There was something awfully comforting about being with Grammy for a few days. Maybe it was the old-fashioned house, or just being with those cozy old folks.

Since Grandad had been sick, she hadn't come so often. She never knew what to say to a sick person, especially when he looked like Grandad did. She was afraid he'd see how scared and full of pity she was. And then too, she felt a little in the way, for Grammy never would let her help around the house. The back yard looked so wholesome and clean that she had a sudden urge to go out and sit on the cold earth, let the ferny shadows shiver over her face, and chew grass.

Slamming the screen door behind her, she stepped out on the soft earth. "Mornin', Gram-may. You're mighty busy for this time of day."

Grammy grinned like a child at times. "Hi, there, you lazy, stinkin', good-for-nothin' thing. D'ya sleep good?"

"Oh, Lord yes. The first real snooze I've had in months. How's Grandad this morning?"

Grammy took a clothes pin out of her mouth and answered, "Now, he ain't so good this mornin', honey. Seems like he don't never feel good no more. He wanted to get up, but I told him no indeedy, to stay in bed and behave hisself." She grinned mischievously with her last words. Granny seldom managed to look serious long.

Millie sat down on the grass and picked up a stick. Twirling it in her fingers, she asked, "What do you hear from Doc Hale? About him, I mean. Any improvement?"

"Lands, no. Leastways, none that he can see. I guess we'll just have to hope for the best. He's awful sick, Millie, awful sick."

Millie rolled over on her stomach and picked at the sour grass near her arm. "I know he is, Grammy. Hell, I can see the difference. Why the last time I was. . ."

Grammy looked over her shoulder and interrupted. "Millie! You're gettin' as bad as Dan 'bout cursing."

Millie tried to look ashamed and then burst out laughing. "Now, Grammy. Don't go getting high and mighty with me. I've heard you say things that I wouldn't repeat. Remember the time Poodles ate up your crocheting? Haaaaa.

Remember what you said? Lord, I thought I'd die."

Grammy blushed and then looked indignant. "This is no time of morning for such foolishness, child. Here . . . carry my basket in for me, and I'll fix you some coffee. Come on now. You ought to have something hot in you."

Grammy and Millie always sat over the kitchen table and talked while Millie had her coffee and a cigarette. Usually they laughed and joked and talked about Aunt Maud, if she wasn't there. Millie started it off. "Aunt Maud still raising hell about the clock?"

Grammy drew a little closer to her and answered, "It don't make no difference, 'cause she's not gonna' get it. My mother gave that clock to me before she died, and I'd just like to see Maud try and get it. Now, there isn't many things I want to keep, but that's one of them. Mercy, she just wants it to give to that good-for-nothing son of hers."

"I don't blame you, Grammy," Millie put in, nodding her head seriously. "I wouldn't let the old gal have it either. Not if. . ."

The old woman cut in, ignoring Millie's remark. "It's just like I was telling Dan the other day. We're all getting old, and after we're gone, that clock and some other things won't mean much to nobody. Poor soul, he just layed there and grunted at me. He's up in that room waitin' to die, Millie. I wouldn't even admit it to myself 'til lately. But he looks so bad and shrunken. Did you ever see such a change in a man? His hands . . . He can pass on any minute."

"Aw, Grammy, that isn't like you. He looks pretty bad now, but Grandpop's got lots of fight left in him yet."

Grammy stared at the stove and said quietly, methodically, "I don't know, Millie. You know he most died on us that last spell. He did die. Yes siree, Doctor Hale said I saved his life. He was sitting out on that porch, just as stiff as any corpse you've ever seen. He was dead. Dr. Hale said he was. Yes sir, heart stopped beating. If it hadn't been for me shaking him, he'd a been gone a long time ago. I don't know what it was that made me go over and shake him like that. . ."

Millie murmured a faint, "Well, I'll be darned."

Grammy blinked her eyes and turned to Millie. "Now, listen here, child. I'm gonna' tell you something you'd do well to remember. It wasn't my shaking that brought him back. It was praying. I prayed like I never prayed before or since. You'd be too young to know what I mean, but don't you think for one minute that I'm just old and crazy. No. I've heard about things like that—and I know. The Lord heard me. That was what did it. That was what brought him to."

Millie was embarrassed. This was one of the times she had difficulty in finding the right



words. She just widened her eyes appreciatively and waited for Grammy to go on.

"Yes, sir. My time's coming soon, too. I can feel it. There's death in this house . . . upstairs in that bedroom. Sometimes I wake up at night and can't hear nothing in Dan's room. You know what I mean . . . no breathing . . . that awful stillness that sounds like death. Why, just the other night, I had a scare like that. And I'm here to tell you, I prayed then, too."

Millie asked, "But why couldn't you hear him breathing?"

"I don't know. He just breathes so still and quiet-like, that he don't make a sound. You can't hear nothing at all."

Millie was stunned. It was the first time she had ever heard Grammy talk like that. Why, Grammy was the good sport of the family, always laughing and smacking the kids on their bottoms and returning their sass, tit for tat. She sat there feeling as if she didn't know this old woman. It was incredible.

"Aw, Grammy, you're just dreaming up things," she started, attempting to get back to their usual conversation. "Grandpop's not old. Hell, he's younger than you, even. Not that that's old. Lord, he'll be all right in no time." Smiling reassuringly, she reached out and squeezed the puffy old hand.

"Age don't mean nothing, Millie. When a man gives up like he done, it's just no use in trying to cure him."

"Well, look at Aunt Maud. She's eighty-two, and look how she gets around. As well, if not better than I do."

"Yes, Baby, but Maud never gave up. It ain't a matter of gettin' old . . . nor sick . . . it's givin' up that's bad. Once you give up, there ain't no chance. You just wait to die . . . just die any minute . . . like he's doin'. He gave up younger than any man I ever seen. I can't for the like of me, understand it. He's young yet. And all he does is just lay up in that bed and think. He's sick, too, but he never ails about that."

"It's pretty rotten, all right, Grammy. Can I do something?"

Grammy smiled, pleased. "No, child. Talking to you helps me some. That's about all you can do." She paused and then went on, "Sometimes I get so miserable. I just don't think I'll be here after he's gone. I couldn't keep house without him. Why in the world should a man like him, who's never done no harm to himself nor nobody else, have to die so soon? It ain't fair. There've been times when we ain't had all the money in the world, but he's been a good provider. And he's given me so many little things that nobody else could 'a gave me. Maybe if you marry that young Joe fellow and live with him for forty years, you'll see what I mean."

"Oh, Grammy, I know . . . I know Granddad," Millie broke in emotionally, thinking of Joe, trying to imagine him old and sick and vomiting and helpless.

"No you don't, child. I'll die the day he dies. If it wasn't for my children and you grandchildren, I wouldn't have nothing. Nothing but an old man given up to die."

"Grammy!" Millie scolded. "You know you'll always be here. Why, you can't leave us without a Grammy. Quit talking like that."

The old woman's eyes misted. She started as she heard a moan upstairs. Getting up, she shuffled to the foot of the steps. "Dan . . . You Dan . . ." she yelled. "Are you all right?"

Millie sat in the kitchen and felt cold. Taking a sip of her coffee, she found that cold, too. She was refilling her cup when Grammy came back in. "Was he all right?" she asked, although she had heard his answer.

"Yes, he's all right now. But his voice sounds bad. Don't it sound deathly to you, Millie? Honestly, sometimes I think death is falling on this house like dust. One of these days I'm not going to be able to sweep it all up. It's in the corners, now."

\* \* \*

Millie spent the first part of the afternoon reading. Then she went up to the attic. She always spent some time up there, rummaging through the old boxes. They smelled ratty today . . . more so than usual. An ether of age filled the place. Grammy had warned her to listen for Aunt Maud in case she came home early. Not wanting to be called a "nosey upstart" again, Millie had taken every precaution, even locking the door which led to downstairs. Opening the window she felt the warm sunshine fall on her face. The light was speckled with particles of dust, stirred up by the jammed window. "Dust," she thought, "Death. This can't be death. It's too clean and bright." Turning, she

*(Continued on page 20)*



Christina Changaris

## TIME

*Rapacious time,  
Greedy, insidious, grasping time,  
Why, when we would fondle each moment as a  
perfect entity in the palms of our hands,  
Mold it with the other moments into a necklace of  
memories,  
Why do you with demonic glee snatch the happy  
hours away,  
Hardly ere they begin?  
Why do you push the moon to set, the sun to  
rise so quickly?*

*Callous time,  
Treacherous, insensitive, maniacal time,  
Why, when we would sooner identify ourselves  
with the parched earth,  
Fling the never-ending centuries into the sea of  
forgetfulness,  
Why must we live each eternal moment even  
borrowing from the copiousness of infinity  
To satisfy your fiendish pleasure?  
Why do you steal the wheels from Aurora's  
chariot?*

—DE LON KEARNEY.

## AUGURY

*We shall be lonely in the night  
When the train scowls and runs  
Through slick, smooth ties and tracks.  
Down the hills, around the slope,  
The tall black rise, and down, careens.  
When crash the cruel wheels to grind  
Against the streaming, running road,*

*The fiend flies down its evening way,  
Its brief, precise, allotted time.  
We shall be lonely when you come  
As I am lonely now, as all alone  
One whistle whoops and wails  
Through this cold and pigeon-holed,  
Patched-up piece of land and night.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

## TO THE HOUSE

*The house sat proudly on a hill,  
watching the sun wet the  
cobbled stones, and a small,  
impassioned breath  
of dignity slipped by its door  
to sit upon the sidewalk  
and play hookey with  
a trestled rose.*

—JANET COX.

## THRENODY

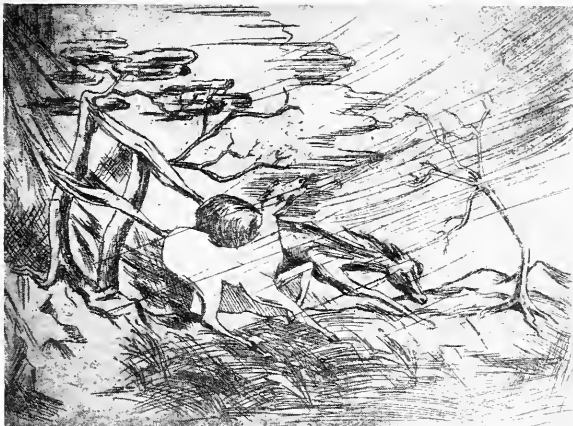
*I walk the halls of loneliness,  
Past doors and doors, shut and barred  
To me.  
No light escapes beneath their walls  
To make clear my way.  
Straight, narrow, stale, and dark  
They stretch along and far.  
Behind their doors, sealed and stopped  
The warm close light of joy  
Imagined, leaves a stain upon me,  
Lonely there in the dark,  
Moving there in the dark  
Up and down, up and down  
Past the tight doors, dimly seen  
Lining the halls of loneliness.*



# MORNINGSONG

*Oh God, I say early in the morning,  
 Oh God, I say when the sun is shining  
 And the sky is glowing  
 The clouds are blowing,  
 And I walk along with all the people,  
 The pale, pale people I move among  
 And I am dazzling and tall and strong.  
 Look at me, you poor gray people  
 Look at me, the sun is on me,  
 The sun in me and shining um I.  
 Shines and shines the sun in me  
 Sing and sing I passionately,  
 Now am I here and walking along  
 And knowing and knowing a secret song.  
 Oh God, I say early in the morning,  
 Oh God, I say when the sun is shining.*

—ANONYMOUS.



Jean Hair

# RUSTED SABERS

*Young Adolph Speckles went to war with the Sixty-ninth P. V.  
 Just twenty years and six foot four in eighteen sixty-three.  
 He marched with Meade and sang the song of Union, Boys, Forever.  
 His coat was bluer than the sky; his boots were Camden leather.*

\* \* \*

*Gay Ewell Hooker in glory and pride fought and won at Manassas  
 Certain of peace and thinking of home where a sleepy river passes.  
 His horse was white, his coat was gray, his throat was a rebel yell.  
 He rode with Pickett singing "Dixie" through red Virginia hell.*

\* \* \*

*Young Adolph thought of a golden field and the silence of Godly men,  
 Of the chill of the night and a great stone barn and the swell of a German Amen  
 Gay Ewell remembered a young girl's touch and the flash of a bright bird's flight  
 And cool dim hallways and a scented breeze and a Negro humming at night.*

\* \* \*

*At Gettysburg on the third of July, at four in the afternoon  
 They met, Young Adolph in silence and prayer, Gay Ewell with a brave wild tune.  
 A musket ball from a rocky wall found where they struggled together,  
 And pierced them both, the Blue and Gray, dying there together.*

\* \* \*

*The summer passed and the graves were deep on the nineteenth of November,  
 When a tall man said to unheeding men, "We shall Long Remember."  
 But the dead lying still in the bloody sod heard and stirred again,  
 And the memory of a Negro's hymn rose up with a German Amen.*

—LYDIA TAYLOR.

# THE CHRISTMAS AFTER

By Nancy Kirby

On Christmas Eve, Roy and I went over to the brown house on Fourth Street. As always on a Christmas Eve we went there to my sister Charlotte's house, and it was seven months and ten days since Charlotte had died. It had been long enough to smooth out the sharp edges of the pain, but still the pain was written deep in the faces of Lucian, the husband, and Lucian, the son—the two to whom she had given most of herself and the two who had woven their lives most closely around the warmth of her.

Already we knew our lives would never be so warm as when Charlotte had lived, but this would be the first Christmas without her.

Christmases we would always go out to the old home where now only Papa lived with Edna and Laura to take care of him. All of us went back to the house where we had lived together. All the brothers and sisters and Roy and I and Charlotte and Lucian. Everything would sort of wait to happen until Charlotte came.

She would bustle through the house into the bedroom and lay her coat and hat—a hat of velvet ribbons or lacquered cherries—lay them on one of the feather beds, push a hairpin into her black knot of hair, fly through the living room with a kiss for Uncle Ben's old cheek and a merry scowl for Rudy playing "Old Ninety-Seven" on the player piano.

Back through the hall to the kitchen she would dash with her little clipping step. "Can't I do that?" she would ask Laura and Edna and Maggie and me, already at work preparing dinner. She would examine the cake table loaded with fat angel foods and chocolates and coconuts. Then out of her basket she would lift two platefuls of tarts, their curling pastry stripped across the top to show the juicy red damsons. She would tell Edna how fine her cake looked and pooh-pooh when Edna would say, "Now if I had me a gas stove like you, I could really bake a cake."

Charlotte would open the oven to look at Laura's plump biscuits and stick the sides of the turkey. She would push a piece of wood in the side of the stove and smile at Edna and Laura and Maggie and me and say, "Well, everything's going to be fine. I'll just go fix the table."

We always left the center piece up to Charlotte. Christmas she would use the milk-glass bowl filled with apples, oranges, bananas, studded with pecans and almonds and spilling purple grapes down on the white cloth.

While dinner cooked, she went to the parlor and worked magic on the straggly tree hung with popcorn strings and paper chains, limp and blasé from other Christmases, and twirled the old red bells in the window until they recovered the crispness of youth. She would send some of the children to get some holly and cedar from the woods, and the parlor would be Christmas from the kerosene chandelier, mistletoe-hung, to the fireplace full of crackling logs.

We laughed with Charlotte helping Papa, without his knowing, to carve the brown shining turkey. We laughed with her when Junie fell asleep in his empty plate, and Lucian pretended to cry because there were no more tarts, and when Mary Ellen blushed about her young man.

When we were through and the dishes were dried and Papa had taken his nap, then Charlotte would herd us all into the parlor. She was joking and mysterious as she handed out the red and the white packages. We would laugh when Laura unwrapped a pair of pink pants, and Ruby galloped around the room shooting off his cap pistol. It was Charlotte who gave Maggie the heavy felt slippers to wear in her cold house, and it was Charlotte who gave Roy's children the Parchesi game, and who gave me the guest-towels, hand-embroidered, and Papa the subscription to *Christian Observer*. Always it was Charlotte who made us happy with her gifts and with the love she gave with them. How the faces of the two Lucians shone to watch their Charlotte beloved in the smiles of all these people.

How they would tease her! "Mother, it's time to go," they would say at intervals all afternoon. And she would laugh at them and call them big babies and say, no, they were not to go so soon. Later she would frown and explain to us that she would have to take the babies home. When Charlotte had gone, we did not linger in the old house. All of us left soon, while Papa fussed. Why should we stay longer? Charlotte had gone and Christmas Day was over.

On Christmas Eve, Roy and I always went over to Charlotte's and she gave Roy one of her fruit cakes. Roy wouldn't have missed getting that cake for the world. She always gave it to him and he feigned surprise and on the way home talked of how we wouldn't cut it while so many people were in and out of the house.

All young Lucian's friends liked to be around Charlotte. She would feed them and listen to their woes about the dates who stood them up. The flowers and cards they sent her at Christmas made her smile and say, "Aren't they sweet to do all this."

And young Lucian was proud of his mother and their home with the pale walls and dark shining furniture and the clean rippling curtains. Charlotte's curtains were always clean and her house was always shining, and flowers were in the tall vases.

Lucian, her husband, was so proud of their house that he would sit at home almost every night and read the paper and talk. He would beam when Roy and I, or any callers came in. He would beam for us to see his house and his Charlotte so lovely and smiling.

He was getting old, Lucian was, and leaning more and more on Charlotte, who grew no older but wiser and more kind. He was getting older

(Continued on page 23)

## O L E

By Frances Glaze

"Then there was Ole," Andy said. "That wasn't his real name, but we just called him that because it seemed like all the Swedes we ever knew were named Ole so we called him that too. He was the biggest, strongest fellow I've ever seen. Why I've seen him swing a two-hundred-fifty-pound bag of potatoes in one hand like it was nothing. He must 'a' been six foot five or six, and I bet his shoulders were over a yard across—I never seen anything like it. But with all his size he was quick and light on his feet and could monkey up a rope with the best of them. I remember I used to read stories about the Vikings—well, Ole was how I always thought they would be—big and blond and born to the sea.

"He didn't talk much. His English wasn't so good. What he knew was all right, but he didn't know so many words. He was learning though. The mate was tryin' to teach him how to read and a little writin'. I used to see him sprawled on his bunk the way he always did with his big feet stickin' out the end, spellin' over a first grade reader the mate had picked up once when we docked at New Orleans. We kidded him about readin' out of a baby book. Palermo used to call him his bambino and talk baby talk at him, and that was funny because Palermo was a dark, scrawny little guy who didn't hardly reach up to Ole's armpits. But Ole didn't mind. He sat around readin' that book while the rest of the crew played cards or just loafed to use up the spare time. The mate was already wonderin' where he was goin' to get another one when Ole had read all of that one.

"Ole was learnin' to read so's he could get his citizenship papers. He was a dam' fool about anything that was American; you'd think he had invented the country. He always grabbed any magazine or newspaper that came aboard and looked for pictures. Then you had to explain to him what the picture was and read it to him. Sometimes he cut them out and kept them. Over his bunk he had pasted a picture of President Roosevelt that I'd given him in exchange for doin' watch three nights for me when I dropped the ax on my foot and couldn't hardly stand on it. Next to the picture he had a little one of the capitol building and one of the Statue of Liberty.

"I never will forget the last time we docked at Havana. The night we left, Ole came aboard with an American flag tattooed all over his chest. It was in colors, and it must have been six by eight inches big. It was three days before he would put on a shirt and cover it up. Once I caught him saluting it in the cracked piece of mirror over his shaving mug. He was America-crazy all right.

"Sometimes at night we sat around on the deck in the dark; the stars hung over the wheel-house, close enough to touch, and the blackness was so thick you could grab a handful of it, and the men were quiet, thinking. Ole would poke me and whisper, 'Andy, talk about your country.' And I would

tell him about the wide prairie with the wind waving across it, not like the ocean wind, but softer with the land smell in it. And it was then that sometimes I almost got kinda homesick tellin' Ole about it. He loved to hear it, talk about the woods, about the cities, about all of it; but he liked the prairies best. He asked for it like a bed-time story.

"He used to worry about passin' whatever it was he took to become a citizen. He was afraid he wouldn't know enough. But MacIntosh would laugh and tell him, 'Ole, you don't need to know nothin'; one look at you and they'd keep you there for the best damn roustabout what ever set foot on them shores.' We knew he'd get in. He wanted to too much not to.

"We were all sitting on deck, except cook who was rattling pans in the galley and Cap'n Walsh who had gone below, that night when the sub got us. The ship was hit broadside and a little aft, and she broke up purty bad right away so that by the time we'd lowered and manned the two battered old life boats she was listing bad and didn't look like she'd last long. We didn't even have time to count up and see who was missin'. We knew Cap'n Walsh and the cook hadn't come up. Lewis who had gone down to see about them said they were dead.

"We'd just pulled away when the fire started, so it took some hard-rowing to get out of the reach of the flames. We expected an explosion, but it didn't come. At a safe distance we sat back on our oars and watched her flames licking at the stars like they was trying to lick the spots off the blackness. Nobody talked; we just sat.

"It was then we saw the other ship. She must have come up fast when the sub hit. We didn't hail her; we just sat and looked; but she came on.

"They took us aboard. We couldn't do anything else but go. When we got to the top of the ladder and saw they were Japanese, we didn't feel so good about it; but we couldn't do anything. While the other men were coming up the big chief started asking me questions. I guess he picked me because I was the youngest. Wanted to know what nationality we were. I told him no nationality. We were from eleven different countries, and none of us belonged very much to any one of them, which was true. He wanted to know which ones were American and which English, but I wouldn't tell him.

"He asked some of the other men—MacIntosh, Poisson, Stivisky, and Panetti—but they wouldn't tell him either. By that time all the men had come up the ladder, and he stood and looked them over. His eyes stopped a long time on Kelly, slid past Kostow and Ramesetti and lingered a second on Dan Morgan. We just looked at him without saying anything, and I think it made him kinda mad. He looked at Ole who was just standing there blinking kinda dumb at him, and I guess he

*(Continued on page 23)*

# Plain People

By Dorothy Arnett and Nancy Murphy

## FARMER

"Something I can do for you?" I asked for the twentieth time as Margaret Matthews led a tall man in faded overalls toward me. He took off a shapeless, weatherbeaten, hat and stood turning it in his hands.

"Well-er-I need some gas."

"All right." I tried to sound crisp and business like, "Fill in this information, please."

His rough strong hands held the booklet clumsily, and fine lines appeared around his eyes as he gazed at the many blanks. He reached toward the bib of his overalls where dangled a bright yellow pen. But he withdrew his hand as if on an impulse.

"Look-er-I don't write so good. Couldn't you do it?"

I managed to suppress a sigh as I took the booklet from him. "Name? Address? Occupation?" I rattled off the questions. Did he own or rent his farm?

His eyes traveled over to the windows, around the walls, down a row of desks, back to the hat he was turning in his hand.

"I own it."

I wrote *yes* in the proper pigeonhole, blotting up a little blob of ink with the corner of a tissue.

"Hum-m, so much for page one; uh—do you have any occupation beside farming?"

"Any occupation besides farmin'?"

"Yes!" I wanted to scream at him; actually I said patronizingly, "Do you do anything besides farm?"

He lifted his eyes from the hat and lost himself in meditation.

"No—not unless you count chickens."

Raising chickens was considered a part of farming, so I peppered him with questions about his car. Did he haul hands in his car? Regularly or just in season? How far did he haul them? What were their names? What sort of work did they do? He gave his answers with a dogged deliberation like a witness before a clever lawyer.

"Now," I said with my best come-let-us-get-this-over manner, "What was your last month's mileage?"

"My mileage?" he stared at me in bewilderment.

"Yes!" I said, rallying my last gram of patience; "*How far did you drive your automobile last month?*"

He pursed his lips and lost himself in reflection. Carefully placing his hat over the patch on his knee, he began fumbling in his right

pocket. His face lit up as his right hand found the desired object and his forehead furrowed as he pulled forth a sack of *Bull Durham* tobacco.

"You don't have any idea how far you drove last month?" I prompted him.

He opened the pouch and poked the yellow tobacco with a calloused finger.

"Well—"

He removed the inquisitive finger and pulled the drawstrings of the pouch.

"Well, I just can't say, Miss. My boy, he keeps up with things like that."

"About how many miles would you say?" After all, I had to put down some sort of figure.

"Oh, 'round six-seven hundred."

"And how far will you drive in the next three months?" I asked.

He bit his lip and rolled his eyes heavenward. Then he discovered the tobacco pouch and put it back in his pocket.

"You *will* be driving *more* in the next three months. Per month, I mean. Won't you?"

"Well," he stroked his leathery chin, "I gotta get my tobacco to market. Figger it'll take 'bout three trips."

"Three trips. And where are you taking your tobacco this year?"

"Well, last year I went to Whiteville, but I didn't get a good price. Don't know where I'm going this year."

"Well, do you think you'll go further than Whiteville this year?"

He ran one hand through his sunburned hair, leaving tiny furrows.

"Don't reckon I'll get much further than that. Gotta save muh tires."

"We'll figure that you *are* going to Whiteville," I said; "and we'll allow you that much mileage, see. That ought to work, hadn't it?"

He reckoned it would, as he watched me struggle with the figures.

"Nine hundred and fifty miles a month," I announced triumphantly. "O.K. by you?"

He nodded in the general direction of the ceiling.

"Now take that booklet to the office and the rationing board will see you as soon as they can."

"Yessum. Thankya m'am."

He was gone. But Margaret Matthews was approaching, in her wake followed a man in faded overalls, turning his shapeless, weatherbeaten felt hat in his hands.

—NANCY MURPHY.

# JENNY

I got a letter from Jenny today. Out of the four pages that she had written, she had not used more than four periods. She had not spelled more than half of the words correctly, either; she had spelled her words just as she had meant them to sound. And as for commas—well, Jenny just does not have any use for commas. Jenny does not conform to any convention. There is no rule that has any effect on Jenny.

And yet when matters that call for pure common sense arise, Jenny is master of the situation. I remember one time last fall when I wanted to build a fire in a fireplace that had not been used since the previous May. I had piled the logs on the andirons and poked newspapers underneath. I was just striking the match when Jenny came into the room. "Hey, Dot," she said, "don't light the far till you take the papers out of the chimney." (Jenny always said "far" instead of "fire" and "orn" instead of "iron" true to her West Virginia dialect.) Then she pulled down a mass of crumpled papers that she had put in the chimney in the spring to keep the birds from coming down into the house during the summer. As she gave me the two bird nests that had come down with the papers, she mumbled something about hating to break up the birds' house-keeping, but supposing that they were ready to travel south for the winter anyway. She smiled, and her front teeth reminded me somewhat of a rabbit's, and the pile of curls on the top of her head reminded me even more of a French poodle.

I used to wonder how Jenny could have kept such a radiant personality out of all that she had been through. For she had spent nearly all of her twenty-two years both literally and figuratively behind the plow. She was the eldest of five girls whom her father had wanted to be boys. But the fact that the boys on whom he had counted to do his farming had turned out to be girls did no more than further irritate his chronically-aroused temper; it did not stop him from using his chil-

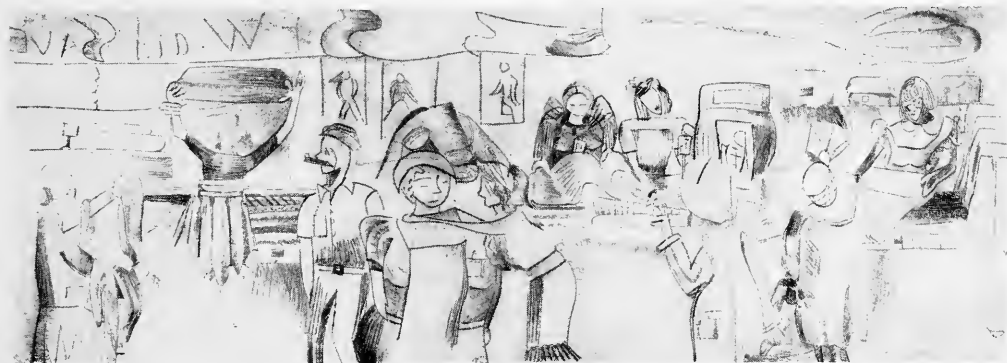
dren in the place of hired men on his farm. Not even the laws of nature could hamper Jenny's father.

And not even the laws of society could influence Jenny. When she was nineteen, she gave birth to a daughter. But since she did not love the child's father, she did not see any reason to marry him. She was in love with a young man from Hagerstown, and she was not going to marry anyone until she could marry him. So she remained comparatively calm as she left her home amid her father's bellows of, "Take that damn bastard and get the hell out of here!"

Now Jenny is working as nursemaid for my aunt's three spoiled children. And when I say "working," I mean it with all of the weight that the word carries. For from the first sound of a hungry baby's howling in early morning until nine o'clock at night after little Pat has had his bottle and dry pants, she runs very sturdily and tactfully her four-ringed circus. (I say "four-ringed" because she is raising Kitty, her own child, along with my aunt's three.) I could never see why she did not sometimes grab one of the little squealing brats and shake him to pieces. But Jenny had a better way. She was patient enough, yet lively enough to outdo even the most teasing one with his most mischievous pranks.

So there is really nothing that can down Jenny. I have seen her take piercing scoldings from my Aunt Mary and never flinch; I have heard her singing "You Are My Sunshine" when she was so over weighted with work that she could hardly move; I have seen her stand calmly by while Warren, her friend from Hagerstown and the only man she ever loved, married another girl. Somehow Jenny always seems to see through the dust that rises from an immediate situation and to plan just how to move when the air clears up. In the letter that I got from her today, she said that Warren has taken out his divorce papers. In six weeks he will be free to adopt Kitty and marry Jenny.

—DOROTHY ARNETT.



Elizabeth Beall

# KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

By Janet Cox

He met her on the ferry that cold December night.

Afterwards it seemed strange that it should have been that night, that night of black December water and stark, wide skies. Afterwards he wondered why the horizons of lighted buildings had been so far-away and numbed, why the open space where the river mouth should have been was only a tall black line between the docks.

It was satisfying in a way to stand against the rail and feel the wind chafe your face and strike back against your hair. Out of the warm crowded room with its filled-benches, its smell of overcoats and last-edition papers, out of the sticky, artificial warmth that pervaded from closed door to closed mind, out where the wind penetrated into the very depths of your heart, out where the wind and the coldness and the near-silence filled you until you were cleansed all over.

He lighted a cigarette behind cupped hands, and blew the smoke away from the wind. The dry hot feeling went through his entire body with the first draw, and it was good. It was good to be out in the deck alone, to feel the chill and raw wind deep under his clothes, to think. It was good to know that it was not necessary to think, to know that you could lean over the water and watch the sides of the boat cut into the white edges of the waves and not think at all.

Then he saw her, a few steps down the deck, leaning up against the rail with her coat collar turned up against the wind. She stood where the light from the inner deck reflected against her, and she was staring out into the darkness across the rail. He laughed deep inside him somewhere. Up until that moment he had been alone, alone in a cold world considered his own, and now he found that even a slip of a girl could consider it an impersonal world into which even she had the right to penetrate.

He turned and faced the water again. The numbed feeling came back, and the deep satisfying feeling that had slipped up on him from the silent laughter disappeared. He hated the girl.

He felt her come up beside him, and he felt rather than heard her voice, raised a little above the wind.

"May I have a light?"

He faced her so that he could cup his hands again to protect the flame of the match. He hated her voice also. He hated the soft, assured tones of it that carried through the river wind to him and lost none of their softness.

He leaned back against the rail and looked at her in the dim light. He had hoped she would retrace her steps down the deck, or even better, decide to retreat into the well-lighted inner deck. Such a small girl had no right to capture that cold, raw feeling of freedom.

She stared back at him, drawing on her cigarette with slow, unhurried draws.

"It's nice out here," she said.

He had never thought of it as being nice. It was alive, it was raw, frozen, dark, hateful, and the freeness of it swept through you like a torrent. But it had not seemed nice.

"Perhaps," he said indifferently, so that she would go away. But she leaned up against the rail beside him. He saw her eyes shift from his eyes to his uniform, from his uniform back to his eyes.

"I always thought the army must be like this," she started again, and he felt ashamed of his pretended indifference.

"Sometimes it is." He wondered if her knowledge of the army led only as far as silver wings and lieutenants and post dances. He wondered if she had ever seen a private lift off his equipment and pack after a twenty-mile training hike through slow, muddy Southern rains. He wondered if she had ever seen a bunch of new recruits, drilled for hour after hour in the hot of a July sun until their clothes were wet and dried and caked with hot sweat and dry dust and, sometimes, wet tears.

"Do you mind if I talk to you?" she asked.

He didn't mind, except that when she talked some of the numbness and cold and rawness disappeared out of the night.

"What would you like to talk about?" He looked at her small, intense face.

"Oh, anything," she answered eagerly. "There's so much to talk about. Are you married?"

"No, but I hope to be some day. I'll probably have a dozen kids." He hoped she would stop at that, but she didn't seem surprised at all.

"Where are you stationed?"

He thought of the bright, cold mornings of Carolina and the crispness of the December nights. He looked up at the clouded sky and remembered how clear and dark-starred a southern midnight could become.

"Carolina," he answered.

"Are you on furlough?"

The room in the 84th Street boarding house was waiting for him. It was waiting for his return, waiting for him to come home for his first furlough. The bed, the chairs, the same double book case with his same books—they were all there to welcome him home for furlough.

"Only for seven days."

She looked out over the water. "Do you like it? The army, I mean?"

He suddenly wanted to talk to her. He suddenly wanted to talk, to talk until the cold and the indifference and the hurt melted away into the wind. He wanted to feel the slow, warm, old feeling creep up into his throat. He no longer hated her.

"Could anyone like it?" He felt the old bitterness tighten his voice.

She was silent for interminable minutes. He could feel the wind sweeping around and across them.

"That's strange, you know," she finally said. "I thought you were a different kind of person." He didn't understand what she meant. "I'm just like anybody else. I don't think it's necessary, that's all. We aren't fighting yet, you know."

She threw her cigarette into the water below. "What do you do?" he asked her to change the subject.

He followed the curve of her throat up to her short fair hair, and looked at the firm curve of her lips and the darkness of her eyes.

"I'm a newspaper woman," she said eagerly, and he smiled because she looked like a happy kid when she said it. He felt the smile grow into wrinkles around his eyes and loosen the tautness. "You sound as if you like it."

She laughed. "Like newspaper work? I should say so. It's like asking a kid if he likes candy. You know, it's wonderful to read words that come out of your own mouth and know you have a soul. Sometimes I think a newspaper is the kindest thing God ever gave ordinary people like you and me. You cry for others and laugh with them and pity and love and scorn and hate with them.

"Have you ever watched a man on a subway read his newspaper, and never change the expression on his face? It hurts like hell, and you say, 'He's all frozen up inside!' People just can't be like that—no wonder the world is in such a mess. But all the time you're thinking he's just a clogged-up piece of humanity, he's laughing at the strip-teaser who sold her last garter for five thousand bucks for Navy Relief or turning the

page and wondering why the President doesn't advocate yearly lynchings for guys who kidnap other people's kids or worrying about the work at the office because he saw that the stocks were dropping.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make a speech."

He looked at her eyes and was glad she had.

"Have you been in the army long?" she asked abruptly, changing the subject again. "Were you drafted?"

"I was in the first draft," he answered slowly. "It's not as romantic as you think it is. It takes a long time to get used to things."

She looked at the wings across his chest. "Nothing romantic about wearing wings for the Air Corps?" she asked, and her voice was too gay. He longed to take her back into the lighted room, away from the treacherous wind, away from the cold, away into the warmth where he could talk with reason and deflate all her silly, childish ideas.

"There aren't any more knights and white-chargers, you know," he said shortly.

She laughed and he thought she was making fun of him until he saw her eyes.

"You're strange," she said. "Don't you ever feel anything when you're flying? Not one bit of a thrill?"

There had been graduation from training school. There had been the wide silver wings flying across the sky, and the lines of brown-clad men waiting to pin silver wings across their hearts. The first thrill had come then. There had been the formation of his first squadron, with strangers becoming buddies, and buddies flying constantly together with wing-tips touching. There had been the age-old thrill when the first plane peeled off formation for bombing practice. There had been many thrills.

"Are thrills necessary?" he asked.

She looked back across the water.

"I wish you'd tell me about it," she said.

He looked down at the white-tipped water against the boat.

"There isn't anything to tell." He felt the warmth slowly creeping through his body, the old warmth, the strong slow feeling that had been there before. "It's something you can't put your finger on. It's just there before you know it, and you can't get rid of it."

She was silent, waiting.

"I'm afraid," he said simply, and waited for her to speak.

The horizon was no longer numbed and far-away. The tiny lighted squares that were windows were bright in the darkness. The docks loomed straight ahead.

"Afraid?" she asked, and he could not hear the slight edge of contempt to her voice that should have been there. "Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of not knowing what's coming. Afraid of knowing what might come. Afraid of when it might come, of what might come after. Afraid of being one of millions who all follow and are

*(Continued on page 24)*



Jean Church



# WHAT I LIKE ABOUT CHRISTMAS:

Popcorn balls . . . Wrapping gifts . . . Listening to the Messiah while decorating the tree Christmas Eve . . . The smell of the tree . . . The fun of coming downstairs and seeing the tree all lighted up Christmas morning . . . Watching the street light through the snow . . . Candlelight service Christmas Eve . . . Selecting gifts . . . Christmas music . . . The excitement of going home . . . Ice skating . . . Looking at Christmas cards . . . Eating Christmas candy.

—JODY RENDLEMAN.

The pieces of wrappings and trappings that send out the aroma of beautifully dressed presents. Or—the clerk who always raves about that present you surreptitiously bought a few days ago for Dad or Best Boy Friend Bill—in front of Dad or Best Boy Friend Bill.

—LOUISE LAZARUS.

You are not in school  
You see everybody at home  
The church bells sound different then  
Everybody is happy then  
There are crowds of people and swarms of  
negroes having more fun than anyone else  
The little children's whispers and excited giggles  
The *feast!*

—JO M. SIMPSON.

I like to get up by the dawn's early light and creep down the stairs to see the big surprise (Santa Claus) and then have the family official unwrapping about 5 A. M.

—ELEANOR STRONG.

I like men, song, and dance. I like the excitement and thrill of Christmas Eve, the opening of Christmas gifts on Christmas day, and the delight of sitting in front of an open fire-place—especially with blonds!

—VESTA WESTER.

Christmas means home, plenty of good food, and a little lovin'.

—BETTY HALLIGAN.

The wreath on the front door sprinkled with real snow, the cookies Mother makes, dancing, and lots of gay parties, caroling and midnight mass at the Episcopal church, candy canes, wrapping and delivering packages, oh, just everything: but most of all, just being home!

—KAY O'BRIEN.

The smell of cedar, decorating the Christmas tree, walking in the country, big open fires, wrapping and opening Christmas presents, and just being with everybody when they are so happy.

P. S. Nuts and fruits and candy.

—ANNE CARTER.

Christmas music, clear starry nights, seeing everyone, Christmas dinner with the family,

opening Christmas cards, holiday festivities, but best of all our cozy living room with its bright fire and lighted tree.

—MOLLIE BOWIE.

The dances and parties what used to be—plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and plenty of love whether you like it or not (who doesn't—Betty Hopkins?), the night of nights when not a light can be seen except—never mind, we'll keep it clean—breakfast at Sardee's on New Year's Day after we've all swaggered along the Great White Way.

Home Sweet Home and eggnog foam. Oh well, folks, you know the rest, so look for us as your Christmas guests.

—BETTY JOHNSON AND  
MARTHA WARREN.

Everything I like about Christmas. But there is something I like best—better than "Merry Christmases", better than the white blanket of Christmas snow, better than bulging stockings in the early morning light, better than holly, wreaths, mistletoe, crackling fires, bright shining trees, cheery talk with people you love best, and Christmas gifts. Even better than carols. Best of all is the spirit of Christmas that makes me know what the day is for, and makes me feel a warm glow that comes from the season's meaning. That's what I like best because I feel it all deep inside, and it can't be disturbed. And I know everybody else is kin to me in the feeling.

—EMILY VANN.

Christmas Eve and carol singing.

—PHYLLIS JEAN SULLIVAN.

Candlelight service at church. Hanging up my stocking over the fireplace. Going to my aunt's for her Christmas Eve celebrations.

—JEAN COUCH.

Putting gifts on the tree Christmas Eve night and taking mine off the next morning. Singing carols Christmas Eve.

—DIMITRA GEORGE.

Singing Christmas carols—decorating trees—family party on Christmas night—hanging stocking on fire-place—leaving cake and coffee for Santa Claus—wrapping gifts and addressing Christmas cards.

—LIB WHITE.

I enjoy rejoicing Christmas, because I am thankful to be alive to celebrate another day when Christ was born.

—BEBE STOKES.

I like the "good feeling" that everyone has one or two weeks before Christmas, generally known as the "Christmas Spirit."

—BETTY ANNE DRYSDALE.

## I RECKON

*"Am dat Miss Ruby Brown?"  
"I reckon it am."  
"Could you love me?"  
"I reckon I could."  
"Do you love me?"  
"I reckon I do."  
"Could you marry me?"  
"I reckon I could."  
"Will you marry me?"  
"I reckon I will—who  
Am dat calling, please?"*

## VOW

*I wailed so for your leaving me  
Until my eyes were tinged with pink  
Throwing myself down, I resolved  
To cry no more.  
Later, through a haze of tears,  
My nose shone red.*

—LYDIA TAYLOR.

## DON'T THINK TWICE

*When your lady love says, "Nix!"  
Tell your troubles to Dorothy Dix.  
Bare your soul! Reveal your past!  
Blessed advice will come at last.  
Should a doubt or two occur,  
Trust that your secret will die with her,  
Unless the newspapers get it first,  
(And then it'll go from bad to worst!)  
If your gal plays dirty tricks,  
If your Persian cat has ticks,  
If your gin and rue don't mix—  
Just write in to Dorothy Dix.*

*If you're longing for advice,  
Mail your letter. Don't think twice.  
When your furrowed brow grows hollows,  
Dotty Dix gives out as follows:  
"Don't get sad and soured on love—  
All you need is a mental shove!  
Don't give your woman the evil eye  
Because she was wolfed by another guy.  
Why let this be a blow to your vanity?  
Comfort yourself with a blast of profanity."  
If you have a secret vice,  
If your puppy dog has lice,  
If you want advice plus spice—  
Mail your letter. Don't think twice.*

*(But if your woman leaves you be,  
Unattached and fancy-free,  
If you want a jubilee—  
Heck with Dotty! Write to ME!)*

—EMILY CRANDALL.

## UNFINISHED BUSINESS

*The wind blew hard, the night was cold, the moon  
was hanging low,  
So when he asked to kiss me—well, how could  
I say no?  
He was young and drafted, I didn't know if I  
should,  
But when he asked me "would I," well, I said I  
would.  
Then he reached down to kiss me, I was cold and  
'bout to freeze;  
Of all damn things to happen—  
Why did I have to sneeze?*

—LIB FANT.

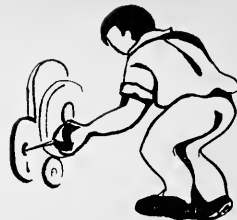
# OIL FOR THE WHEELS

## WE ARE SENTIMENTALISTS—

We go to the movies, and we cry and cry because a man is dying for freedom. Yet, we do not know what is the meaning of freedom. We cheer and clap when the democratic American flag waves across the screen. Yet, we do not know what is the meaning of democracy. We talk and we talk: yet, we know not of what we talk.

We are sentimentalists, and we do not know the meaning of the things that we are sentimental about. We are sentimentalists because our values are confused. We cling to trivial things with much feeling and many tears; and we are blind to the meaning of freedom, liberty, and war. Intellectually lazy, we are; and we sit back and feed our stomachs and drink cococolas for our thirst and let our minds ride. We form no opinions of our own; we do not think past the surface of the words that we use. Occasionally we overflow with the words that other people have thrown out to us—the casual intellectual siftings of professors, parents, and friends. We form no intellectual grounds of our own.

Some of us may ask ourselves what freedom means. Does it mean the right of each person to do as he pleases? No, that means chaos in the conflicts of the desires of many people. There are always some who strive for the possessions of others. Does it then mean having a strong police force to keep our own possessions safe from the desires of others? This doesn't sound like freedom to us—And we wonder, but we think no further. We send our boys and our men out to fight for freedom, and we do not know what it is.



Yet, it is minds like ours that must decide how to handle the problems arising from this war. Minds—our minds—must go into foreign countries as peace-makers and as democratic missionaries. How can we plead to others for liberty and democracy and Christianity when we ourselves do not know what liberty, democracy, and Christianity are?

We are students at a woman's college, and we are trying to learn about things that are most valuable to us. We should be studying the humanities. We should be reading and assimilating the conceptions of freedom and democracy held by great men down through the ages. From studies of the humanities and from our own experiences we should form for ourselves a working conception of freedom and democracy.

We graduate as skilled laboratory technicians, expert typists, good economists, trained chemists, and valuable home economists. But this is not enough. These things are necessary to help us win the war, and they are good. But until we resolve for ourselves a philosophy of life and a conception of freedom and liberty, we are of no good to the world of the future. We are rotting here at home. And after the war, we will fail to provide for the workings of freedom and democracy after they have been won.—M. J.

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# TO THE WHITE RACE OF AMERICA

By Hal March

Americans, you say you fight that man may live in a free world. You made a charter guaranteeing that, in the event of an allied victory, the post-war world would be one of freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, and freedom from fear. Your president, roused by Wendell Willkie's challenge that the Asiatic nations doubted whether the Atlantic charter applied to them, recently reiterated that "the Atlantic charter applies to all humanity."

When Mohandas K. Gandhi demanded immediate Indian independence, many of you retreated to stand with Winston Churchill, the nineteenth century imperialist. Others followed Willkie in advocating that Roosevelt put pressure on Churchill to grant India her freedom. You all profess to sanction the Atlantic charter as applicable to all humanity.

So you fight, Americans, for the downtrodden people of the earth—for the Pole, the Czech, the Dutchman, the Chinese. You fight for them, while you ignore the downtrodden that live in the slums across the tracks in your own towns. You do not fight for the negro.

When Thomas Jefferson decreed that all men are created equal, your forbears interpreted the "men" to be "white men." It took the bloodiness of John Brown, the prejudice of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the courage of Abraham Lincoln, and the terror of civil war to convince southern barons that the negro was no longer to be regarded as a chattel.

Abraham Lincoln issued an emancipation proclamation over fifty years ago, and yet today the negro does not have the right to his own life, nor the right to liberty, nor the right to the pursuit of happiness.

You have cheated the negro; you tax black and white equally, yet you divide the money unequally. For educational purposes the whites generally get five dollars for every dollar given to the negro. In the state of Mississippi, for every \$25 a year used to educate a white child, \$5 is used to educate a black child. In many southern counties there is no school at all; when there is one, it is old, with a leaky roof and wooden planks for benches. Sometimes seventy negro children, six to twenty years in age, are crowded into a one-room school, to be taught by one teacher whose wage is lower and whose conditions of work are poorer than those of white teachers.

Many schools are open for six months a year, and allow children to progress no further than to the sixth grade. Schools are usually located far away; while the white child rides in a bus, sometimes the negro child must walk what is often a distance of six miles.

You champion equality before the law, yet the negro does not have equality. There are few

black policemen, black judges, black juries, black jailers, or black mayors in the south. The law is the white man's law.

In the north white landlords convert houses the white men have left into negro tenements, rented at rates high enough to make fabulous fortunes before the houses are too old for habitation. For example, a seven-room apartment that has been rented for \$50 a month to whites is cut into seven one-room apartments, rented for \$6 a week to negroes. The same apartment that was rented to the white man for \$50 a month is rented to the negro for \$42 a week. And the filth and foul air of the one-room apartments, with one toilet for thirty or more tenants, breed diseases that have enabled the death rate of the negroes in the city to exceed the birth rate.

Shrewd white politicians capitalize in reducing services of the city in negro districts: streets remain unlighted at night; violations of fire laws go unpunished; garbage piles up in alleyways; pavements are unrepaired. Merchants sell stale and rotten food to the stores and shops of the negro districts for prices as high as the grade-A products sold to the white man.

Negro jobs in industry are few. Traditionally it has been the black waiter, the black elevator operator, the black maid, the black stevedore. Southern industrialists turn away negro applicants when machines lie idle. White applicants of inferior qualifications are employed in preference to superior negroes.

In southern towns the negro is barred from "the white man's" restaurants. He buys his theater ticket at the rear door and sits in the worst seat. When he goes to see "the white men" play baseball, he sits behind first base. When he travels by bus, he sits at the rear of the car; when seats are scarce, it is the negro who must wait for the next bus.

You proclaim on your church bulletins, "All welcome to our church," and add, "God Is Love," or similar inscriptions. You sit in your pews and think yourselves Christian. Yet you do not let the black man sit in the same house to worship Him to whom there were no distinctions of race or blood or color.

It has been said that he who tries to keep another in the gutter will be pulled down into the gutter himself. The fate of the white man is closely tied to that of the black man; if the negro is kept in the gutter, the whites will follow. Only by giving the negro his due rights, his just freedom, will the white man rise. Twelve million black voices cannot be kept forever silent. If America is to rise and grow and fulfill the potentialities that lie in her, the black man must also rise.

Americans, are you fighting again that man may live in a free world? Or are you struggling to keep your way of life intact?

# Symbolism in Katherine Mansfield's THE FLY

By Sara Sheppard Lashman

It is only necessary to compare "The Fly" with others of Katherine Mansfield's short stories to see that here she is at her best and most powerful, and her best is worthy of consideration. Just what is that peculiar quality she possessed that made her work enduring? In her own time she was regarded as merely a quaint writer of fragile themes. Her work went relatively unnoticed. Today, a story like "The Fly" is said to be good. She has come into her own—if being accepted by the mythical public and leading magazines can be said to be a mark of artistic achievement.

"The Fly" illustrates better perhaps than any other of her work her mastery. Her particular talent lies in the art of letting well enough alone. Oftentimes she is remarkable more for what she does not say than for what is written; for the very excellent reason that her selective sense is so keen, so complete, so satisfying that further enlargement is unnecessary. The uncertain writer must tell his reader dogmatically what he implies. He must follow every idea to its lair. Miss Mansfield is fortunate enough to be able to trust her themes to stand alone.

Her choice of the omniscient third person point-of-view here is fortunate for her purpose. She is dealing with the insides of things—of people and actions—and it is important that she be able to exercise the freedom of the All-Seeing-Eye to fathom thought, emotion, and behavior in order that her theme may be presented in its greatest significances. It is important, for instance that the reader get in its completeness the effect of the extenuating circumstance upon the boss. The circumstance, of course, is of Woodfield's remark that 'the girls happened to run across' his son's grave. We are able to get not only the mere fact but the background—'Although over six years have passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished, in his uniform, asleep forever.' It is plain that the chance remark has robbed him of his illusion. Reality has forced itself upon his mind. What effect will it have and how will the change be presented wholly? Miss Mansfield sets out to show that, with the illusion vanished, the boss has so degraded his humanity that there is nothing to replace his wallowing grief, his sentimentality, his self-indulgent sorrow.

Miss Mansfield realized that adequate characterization of the persons who figure in a story is one of the most telling factors in making for verisimilitude. There are many ways that characters may be made to appear real. She has excelled

in the art of making a character *seen*—'he peered out of the great, green leather armchair by his friend the boss's desk as a baby peers out of its pram.' She presents a character in peculiar action—'I've had it done up lately,' he explained, as he had explained for the past—how many?—weeks . . .' The picture of the old gentleman, robbed of the dignity of active manhood—a job, responsibility—brushed off for a day in London . . . The picture of the boss, stolid, self-satisfied—both are unmistakable. She is adept, too, at smaller, more subtle intonations—'t was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice broad path.' His wistfulness is clearly indicated. The selection of the title 'the boss' is another stroke of genius. There is only one type of man who is thought of naturally as 'the boss' . . . important, rather condescending, sure enough of himself to suffer such a title, buried in his business, living only for his family . . .

Her setting is casual, natural. It not only establishes a home for the action, out of the ether, but it reflects the boss's character as it contrasts to Woodfield's. And there is the photograph of the son, a ghost at the feast, a constant reminder to his father, a subtle landmark toward the climax.

There is no stress of action. The story unfolds easily, inevitably. We know that the boss has a son who died. His death had been a shock . . . he had meant so much to the older man. We feel the strength of his first grief . . . the surety that time would not lessen it . . . the irony of the boy's untimely death. And we see when the boss prepares himself for a fresh orgy of grief no tears come. He sees a fly—a commonplace housefly . . . he watches it . . . it climbs out of the ink pot into which it had fallen . . . he blots it . . . the fly struggles out of the ink . . . another blot . . . another struggle . . . blot . . . the fly is dead. There is no dynamic sequence of episodes here—no elaborate scheme . . . nothing but a fragile analogy. It is significant that though Miss Mansfield's plots all have this almost ethereal quality of fragility, the best of them, the ones in which she herself would have found accomplishment of herself, can stand any extent of analysis without showing signs of immediate collapse. On the contrary, when her construction has been worked out to the story's satisfaction—as it has been in "The Fly"—examination only serves to strengthen the structure, to make her meanings more apparent, deeper, broader, more effective. Her clever, skillful, subtle weaving is appreciated the more.

Go over the last, the most significant action of the story again, this time slowly, carefully, enlarging upon incidents, giving free rein to its suggestions. The fly tries to climb out of the ink pot (the boss was surrounded by his grief) but the sides are slippery (he was sure time could make no difference). It swam in the sea of ink ('even years after the boy's death he had only to say those words (My son) to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him').

The boss put a pen into the pot and the fly took hold (grasping at a straw). It was free. It cleaned the ink from its wings, expanded them, cleaned its face . . . it was ready for life again. Another blot (more of the same sorrow—remembrances perhaps). The creature drooped again, but it dragged itself forward and began all over again . . . another blot . . . the front legs wave . . . another . . . the fly is dead.

All the boss senses is wretchedness . . . new blotting paper . . . he needs new paper . . . What had he been thinking of? Could anyone have said more plainly that robbed of his illusion there was nothing—but wretchedness—left?

The fly has been the means—not the end. It is the instrument. Miss Mansfield has presented in miniature a symbol of man, eternally holding just one more tryst with sorrow—just once more a luxuriant, self-indulgent sentimentalism until the clear-cut edges of suffering are dulled, cheapened . . . all the dignity of man's ability to endure has been made sordid, morbid, cloying—through the inability to forget, to realize a clear perspective, a sense of proportion.

Miss Mansfield's creations do not lend themselves kindly to prosaic language. When she has done her own work so well that merely reading the story will give one the whole impact so strongly that it is difficult to mistake her intent it is rather incongruous to tabulate her ideas after the fashion of the statistician. For the purpose of better understanding, however, her theme must be considered tangibly. Is it worthwhile in itself, unadorned? Without a doubt it is. Keats thought sufficiently of the dignity of man's ability to endure suffering without losing his ideas and aspirations. Katherine Mansfield has merely dealt with the theme of 'Ode to a Nightingale' in a left-handed fashion to show what happens when man falls short of his potentialities.

It seems almost impossible to overestimate her ability to see life in all its various aspects. Her perception is like a knife, completely dissecting her subject. Perhaps she could be accused of triviality in her choice of subjects, yet can that accusation be substantiated? True, she does not

deal with gigantic occurrence, epoch-making phenomena, yet she does not commit the crime of Henry James who let a rich era of American drama go past him while he searched frantically for something worthy in the 'Top Drawer' of English society. The essential difference lies in her intense reality—her clarity of insight into what is real and what superficial.

"The Fly" fortunately does not have her greatest weakness. It seems that only when she worked with her whole heart and soul could she achieve anything worthy of the name of a story. She either hit it completely or missed a mile. It is difficult to say just wherein she fails . . . Her unfinished stories all show the lack of the powerful thrusts of perception that realized her ideas. You cannot place her failure. It is as inescapable as a rift in a friendship, and quite as illusive as the cause. One cannot say, "Exactly two weeks ago, at four-fifteen o'clock on a Tuesday I ruined a beautiful friendship because I failed to meet my friend's need of me." Katherine Mansfield's relationship to her readers is quite as personal as a friendship, and quite as difficult to fathom. You cannot say, "Here in this technical flaw, Katherine Mansfield fails to satisfy my need of her." The nearest approach to an estimate of her lack—when she does show a lack . . . is the supposition that when she does not satisfy me she has failed first to satisfy herself. For some reason she has not clearly defined to herself what she wants to do with her idea-germ, has not been able to make it felt.

#### SUMMARY OF "THE FLY"

*Old Woodifield has come up to London for a day, and inevitably gravitates to his old office, making the most of a rare opportunity when his wife and 'the girls' allow him to experience a brief revival of his former atmosphere. The boss is condescendingly glad to see his ex-employee. The two are relaxing over a drink when Woodifield remarks that the girls happened to run across the grave of the boss's son in France. The chance observation brings back the memory of the boss's tragedy. He had loved his son completely, built his life around the boy, and when he seemed about to fulfill all his father's dreams, the war had come, and he had been killed. All the years that had passed had done nothing to diminish the intensity of the father's grief. Always he could see his son, as he had last seen him, but dead. Woodifield left. The boss secluded himself in his office, prepared for another rendezvous with grief. Nothing happened. No tears came. He felt nothing. He sees a fly, plays with it idly, blotting it with ink, letting it get free. Finally it is dead. The boss cannot remember what he had been thinking.*

# DUST

(Continued from page 5)

opened one of the trunks. An L. H. was burned on the handle. Aunt Lavinia had died an old maid, two winters before, and Millie doubted if the trunk had been opened since then. There was some tatting and a ball of Irish crochet on top of the pile. Under it was a faded old taffeta dress . . . old-fashioned . . . with the folds pressed to knife-like sharpness. "God, that's really been in here a long time," Millie thought. "Why in hell would she want to keep a ratty old thing like that? Unless it had something to do with the man she never married. What a life she must have led."

She delved down into the bottom of the trunk and brought up a leather covered book. While she was thumbing through it, a grey violet fluttered to the floor. Retrieving it, she replaced it reverently. There was also a tiny white box with green string tied around it. Lifting the lid, she found an ugly old brooch. At first she thought it was an agate. Then she saw that it was a hair brooch. There were several strands of hair in it . . . some blond, some brown . . . wound together. "Ugly thing," she thought. As she started to put it back, it seemed to come to pieces in her hand. She clutched it to keep it from falling. In the palm of her hand were the hairs . . . curled . . . oily feeling . . . nasty! Flinging them from her, she sat shaking for a moment. The eaves in the corner by the chimney creaked. It was dark in the corner, and she couldn't see if there was anything there or not. It was dark in all the corners . . . and dusty. Death. Grandpop down

there dying. Oh, God, she thought. "Dust everywhere . . . like death."

She crammed the things back in the trunk and shut the lid. Then she stumbled to the window. It stuck and she struggled with it. Dust blew up in little clouds to her face—tickling her nose, and making her throat dry. She sobbed as the window finally came down.

\* \* \*

Millie found Grammy in the living room. Torturous squeaks came from her rocker. She was sitting there, bundled up layer upon layer, knitting, folding her thread under her elbow, and looking at the clock every few minutes. Melted into a cushion of fur on her lap, was a kitten. Distracting furrows of character draped around Grammy's mouth, ran down into the layers of chins, and kept time with her words as they took form.

"Well, honey, did you find anything worthwhile? Lavinia's trunk is up there. Might be some funny old pictures or jewelry in it. I ain't had a chance to look. Lavinia didn't have much . . . but memories."

Millie was breathing hard. She sat down and picked up a cigarette. Lighting it, she heard a faint sizzle. A hair from the brooch had stuck to her wet palm. She jumped. "Oh, Jesus!"

"What's the matter, honey? Burn yourself. And what do you mean saying a thing like that? I don't know what the world's coming to. Now, when I was a girl, if I'd said a thing like that, people would 'a said I was fast."

"Oh hell, Grammy, you probably were fast."

"Now, I tell you I wasn't fast. Don't you believe it for one minute. Dan wouldn't a had me if I had a been. He's a fine man, your Granddad."

"He sure is. Does he feel any better this afternoon?"

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Grammy frowned and opened her eyes wide. "I don't think so. Seems worse. If he don't perk up by tonight, I'm gonna call Dr. Hale. What time is that young man coming for you?"

"Bout seven, he said. He may be a little late. Don't you want to go to the store and get out for a little while? The fresh air would do you good. I'll stay here with Grandad."

Grammy began to put her knitting away. "Well, I don't reckon I orta." Getting up, she said, "But a little fresh air would do me good. I just think I will walk down to the store. I got no business doing it, but it won't hurt nothing."

Grammy had her hat on and was getting ready to leave. She came out of the kitchen with her shopping bag and stood pulling on her gloves. "Now, Millie, I don't think he'll need it, but if his breath gets short, give him four drops of that white medicine on his table in a glass of water. He'll call you if he wants you. Anything I can get you?"

"Yeah, Grammy. I wish you'd bring me a pack of Camels, if don't mind asking for them. Did you say *four* drops of the *white* medicine?"

"That's right. I think he'll be all right 'til I get back. I'll be back shortly. 'Bye. Don't forget, now."

"O. K. 'Bye."

\* \* \*

Millie picked up her magazine, but the story had lost its interest for her. The clock squatted on the mantle, ticking persistently. A pair of frizzled china dogs flanked the clock, listening as if waiting for a flaw in the rhythm.

It was six o'clock. The booming of the clock rang out and accentuated the stillness of the house. The faucet in the kitchen dripped almost silently. Looking around the room, Millie's glance followed the line of portraits on the

piano and fell to the corner. It was dark there and probably dusty. She could see a line of dust under the piano where the mop wouldn't reach. "Dust," she thought, as she got up and switched on the light . . . "Phooey". She started to turn on the radio, but decided it might disturb Grandad. The slip-cover on the couch felt damp, and smelled a little musty . . . like the attic. The palm of her hand itched, and she scratched it.

Was it four or two drops of medicine she was to put in the water? "Oh, well, he would know if he needed it." She sat and stared at the clock thinking . . . "What if he does call? What if I'm sitting here and he calls . . . and I go up there and he isn't breathing? I won't be able to see him breathing . . . or hear him. He'll be still . . . and grey. God, I've never seen a dead man. What do they look like? What do you do? or say? or feel? Oh, God, don't let anything happen. I don't want this. I don't want this death. Don't let him die. Don't even let him call. Oh, God, please! I'm praying like Grammy said. Please, God. Don't let it happen. Don't let it . . . Don't let it . . . Don't let it . . ." Her veins pounded and the clock kept on ticking.

Eyes aching and staring, head pounding, her hands clasped the magazine until she could feel the cover sticking to her fingers. Sitting very still, she leaned back and closed her eyes. "Don't let it . . . Don't let it . . . Don't let it. Maybe he's dead now. Maybe he is. He could go any minute." She opened her eyes to see the cat poised on the chair, grinning at her thoughtfully. She stared back.

Grammy's footsteps plodded up the front steps. Quickly, Millie opened her magazine and settled against the back of the couch.

Grammy came in smiling. Several strands of hair stuck awry from under her hat. "Well,

*(Continued on next page)*

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how'd you make out? Everything all right? Did Dan behave hisself?"

"I guess I must be a pretty good nurse. Didn't hear a peep out of him. You'd better call up and see if he's still there or if he's gone to the movies."

He was there.

\* \* \*

Sitting over the last of their supper, Grammy complained, "Honey, what's been the matter with you today? You don't act like yourself."

Millie looked at her, smiled apologetically, and answered, "Nothing, Gram. I guess I just needed some peace and rest worse than I thought. They've been working me right hard lately."

Grammy sucked her teeth. "Huh. If you ask me, you've been running around too much. Not eating, and getting no decent rest . . . it's enough to make you sick. Why don't you stay over tomorrow? You could get a good night's sleep, and you'd feel fine by Monday."

Millie shivered; she couldn't help it. "No thanks, Grammy. I'd love to, but I . . . I promised Joe I'd go to his family's with him tomorrow. Wish I could. I hate to leave you up here by yourself. What time will Aunt Maud be home?"

Grammy chuckled to herself. "You can't never tell about her. She'll be back tonight, though, I'm certain. Don't you worry 'bout me and Dan. We can make out all right. I'm just thankful to the Lord that nothing happened while I was out this afternoon. Dr. Hale says he can go any minute, you know. An' I want to be here."

"Sure. I know."

Millie pushed her chair back and began stacking the dishes. Catching her arm, Grammy said persuasively, "No, honey, you'll do me more

good if you sit here and talk to me. I don't get to see many young people any more. And not many old. Most all our old friends is sick, and lots of them has died lately. Seems like they're all goin' at once. Dan's got so's the only thing he wants me to read him out of the paper is the death notices. So many of his friends has gone."

"Have they?"

"I don't say much to him, but I know he sees he hasn't got much longer. I can tell. He can feel it, too."

"What do you mean, Grammy?"

Grammy looked at her, surprised. "You know," she lowered her voice, "death. I guess he realizes how he's given up and won't have much more time. It's awful, seem' him up there waitin'. Anyway, I know he's at peace with himself. He's been a good man. Poor old soul! It's bad to have sickness, honey, but when you know death's coming, you just want to die and get it over with. 'S bad, I tell you."

Grammy started and looked toward the stairs. "What was that? What was that I heard? Did you hear something?"

Millie shuddered, and she could feel her hair bristle around her ears. She looked out into the dark hall.

Silence.

Then footsteps on the porch.

Joe.

\* \* \*

Joe helped Millie into the car. As he swung under the steering wheel, he reached out and squeezed her hand. Turning her face away from him, Millie sobbed, choking . . .

Leaning over, Joe put his arm around her. "What's the matter, honey? Aren't you glad to see me?"

# Gladys

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Millie just sat there for a few minutes, sobbing. Then, throwing back her head, she moved away from him. "No, darling. Don't touch me. Talk to me. Sing. Laugh. Do anything. Let's go, Joe. Take me somewhere where I can get a drink. Darling . . . Joe . . . Oh, God, I'm glad to see you."

## The Christmas After

(Continued from page 8)

and she was there to help him decide about the Walnut Street lot and Blanding Street house and about accident insurance. He grew older and his hands shook the paper as he held it. Charlotte was his help.

"Did you ever see such a woman," he would say, "Spending my hard-earned money for that poor excuse of a hat." Then he would wink at us, and we would laugh, seeing him look at Charlotte, his worship for her in his eyes.

He and young Lucian always planned a month ahead what they would give her for Christmas. They would beg to know what she wanted but she would never tell, and when they gave her silver fox furs or a jeweled brooch, she would cry and say they should not have done it.

Their house was gayest at Christmas, full of holly and smelling of the cedar spread about and the silver shining and Charlotte serving egg-nog and thin cookies. The joy of Christmas in Charlotte's house bubbled into those who came there, and into Lucian and his son.

This Christmas Eve we went there, Roy and I, to Charlotte's house. We rang the bell and young Lucian let us in, saying, "Merry Christmas, Roy,"

and "Merry Christmas, Helen." His father sat in the chair by the fire, staring at the paper shaking in his hands. "Come in, come in," he said, half rising. Then he folded back into the chair.

And we sat there and talked of the weather outside and the room was dim around us and the mantle was bare and the smell was musty. The curtains were gray and hanging limp. And we sat there and talked, Roy and I; and old Lucian and Lucian, his son, stared before them. And we heard no step and heard no laugh, and the house was dark about us.

## O L E

(Continued from page 9)

decided it would make him feel better if he picked on somebody twice his size who couldn't help himself with all the guards with guns standin' around.

So he swaggered up to Ole and stared at him hard. Ole just looked back. Then I guess it struck him kinda funny. I wanted to laugh myself, seeing the two of them standin' there like a great dane and a rat terrier. Anyhow, Ole started to grin that slow grin of his that starts pulling down on the corners of his eyes and up on the corners of his mouth like they worked on the same string. But the grin didn't get all the way because that damn son-of-a-bitch reached up and slapped him. Ole just froze. His face kept that silly look like it wanted to smile and didn't know how. And then Ole reached for him like he was gonna break him in splinters. The Jap yelped, and five others dashed up, and there was a scuffle before they could stop Ole and persuade him that their guns

(Continued on next page)

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weren't just decoration. I don't know why they didn't kill him right there, but they didn't. His cheek was cut and his shirt hung half off his back and was ripped down the front. Three of the Japs were a little bit messed up, and the big shot's collar was torn off.

"Then the admiral or whoever he was ordered us to file below. He was still standing in front of Ole, but this time he was out of arm's reach. So when Ole turned and the breeze caught his torn shirt and blew it back, that American flag shone out right on an eye level with the admiral. The whole front row of us saw him see it, and we stood glued to the deck, holding our breath. He looked at it a long time before he smiled. Then he turned and said something to four of his men who marched up and led Ole away up toward the bow, while the others stuck their guns in our backs and shoved us toward the gangway.

"I was the last to go and the admiral saw me watching Ole's blond head above the dark ones around him, so he called me back to where I could see what they were doing to him. They had stood him against the rail, and the last glow from our burning ship made his big shoulders black against the queer light color of the sky. He must have seen me because his arm went up in what I think he meant to be a salute.

"Just then the rifles cracked, and he slid down into the blackness like a ship going down slow and then giving one last lurch when the pull of the eddy gets her.

"The admiral was watching me as I turned to go down the gangway with my guard. He shook his head and looked like he wanted to laugh. 'A shame,' he said, 'such a good American.'

"I wanted to kill him. Somehow I kept my voice steady. 'Yes,' I said; 'the best I ever knew'."

## Knight Without Armor

(Continued from page 13)

led, afraid of questioning, afraid not to. Then, above all, afraid because you know you're afraid."

She turned toward him. The quietness in her voice did not falter. "You weren't afraid to tell me."

"No. I knew you wouldn't try to understand. There is no way to understand it."

"That's where you're wrong," she said, and her voice was still quiet. "I don't have to try to understand. Because that's the way I feel sometimes."

He felt the warmth come up and prickle at his eyelids.

"But you've got the wrong word for it. It isn't fear at all. It's a quite different word."

"There is no other word for it," he persisted.

"Yes, there is," and her voice was no longer quiet. "You aren't afraid. You can't be afraid, because there isn't any room for fear now. You know, down deep inside of you that only cowards are afraid, and you couldn't be a coward in that uniform. Don't you know it? Hadn't you thought of that? Hadn't you ever thought of the millions of kids and old women and people like me—especially girls like me—who always look on guys like you as the old-fashioned knight with the sword and armor and white charger you said had disappeared? Why, you're the guy who will fight like hell for what you love, for what you have—your own! You're as full of romance and courage and glittering ideals to them, as those old guys of knighthood days that they read about.

"And the men. Haven't you ever seen the look in their eyes when you walk by on the street? Don't you know that they're seeing themselves not long ago in the same uniform, with the same courage and funny ideas about living and doing what you damn please? They haven't forgotten yet. They'll never forget! Oh, God, don't let me be sentimental! Don't you see?"

He heard the boat scrape the sides of the dock. The warmth now threatened to choke him. "Will you be here again?" he said, looking at her eyes, and the way her hair curled back against her forehead, and knew the warmth would not disappear again.

"Tomorrow night," she said, gay again. "Tomorrow's Sunday, and we'll celebrate your furlough. It'll be a red-letter day—Sunday, December the seventh. Don't forget."

"I won't forget," he said, and she was gone, up the gang-plank and into the crowd. The people began to come out of the lighted inner-deck, folding their newspapers and buttoning up their coats.

He could no longer feel the wind, for the docks towered up high on either side.

remember . . .

**SILLS**  
IS *the* WORD FOR  
**SHOES**  
IN GREENSBORO

## MONTALDO'S

The gifts She likes best . . . .

Montaldo's clothes and all that goes with them: costume jewelry - novelties - perfumes - lingerie - gloves - bags - sweaters - skirts - fur coats - evening wraps.

*A Collection of Variety and Beauty*

## SMILINGLY THE CHILD ASLEEP

*Sleep, sleep, child of the spaces,  
Elfin of the far wild places,  
Sleep and never wake to find  
Dreaming dreams has made you blind.*

*Hear the trotting feet of night,  
Cloud-horses of wispy light,  
Star-maned flash and plunge and leap  
To prance you through the moony deep.*

*Sleep and never wake to know  
The pain-bright things that wait below.  
Deeply, deeply dream I pray,  
And clouds be all you know of day.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

## DOWNBEAT

*It was a day, perhaps like this—  
With lazy clouds across the sky  
And children laughing—quarreling, too.  
(God—what tragedy to die  
Because there is no reason left  
Within the minds of men!)  
The white caps rolled upon the sand,  
Tin shovels, maybe, dug the earth—  
Bathers ducking in the waves—  
(God—what is freedom worth?—  
The piteous cries of stricken babes?—  
Or broken bodies in the rain?)  
America was dancing then—  
Or sipping drinks. How smug they grew.  
Swift came the wardrums from the skies—  
(God—tell them that Death dances too!)*

—BONNIE McCLOY.

## CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR---

*Christmas this year will be much more  
Than snow—and holly at the door—  
More than trimming dark green boughs  
With tinsel trinkets, more than clouds  
Of gray across the sky. This year  
Christmas will be the so dear voice  
Of one across the wires  
That bind this nation, seeing fires  
In long remembered eyes—at sea,  
On land, wherever they may be.  
Such silly words: "Darling, do you get  
Enough to eat? Has my package reached you yet?"*

\* \* \* \*

*A girl alone in a crowded room,  
Listening there to a soft played tune  
With visions of a pleasant day  
And brown eyes laughing. Odd the way  
The past comes floating to the mind,  
All the dreams that lie behind  
Or buried in a dead man's eyes  
Upon the fields of sacrifice.  
Christmas this year will be much more  
Than snow—and holly at the door.*

—BONNIE McCLOY.



More than  
ever  
*It's Chesterfield*

...the milder, better-tasting,  
cooler-smoking cigarette

Again Chesterfields are out front with their bright and unusually attractive *Special Christmas Cartons*. Send them to the ones you're thinking of... their cheerful appearance says *I wish you A Merry Christmas*, and says it well... and inside, each friendly white pack says *light up and enjoy more smoking pleasure*.

*They Satisfy*